

The Tragedy of Hamlet

No trauailer returnes, puzzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,  
Then flie to others that wee know not of.  
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
And thus the natvie hiew of resolution  
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard their currents turne awry,  
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The faire Ophelia, Nymph in thy orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,  
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours  
That I haue longed long to re-deliver,  
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath composd  
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these againe, for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, you should admit  
no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better commerce

Then with honesty?

Ham. I truely, for the power of beauty will sooner transforme ho  
nesty from what it is to a baude; then the force of honesty can trans  
late beauty into his likenesse, this was sometime a paradox, but now  
the time gives it proofe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me beleue so

Ham. You should not haue beleu'd me, for vertue cannot so  
euacuat our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loued you not.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sin  
ners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of  
such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am  
very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck,  
then I haue thoughts to put them in, imaginatio to giue them shape,  
or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crauling be  
twene earth and heaven? we are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs,  
go thy waies to a Nunry, Wher's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be shut vpon him,  
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,  
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dow  
rie, be thou as chaste as yee, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape ca  
lumny get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,  
marry a foole, for wise men know well enough what monsters you  
make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath gi  
uen you one face, and you make your selfes another, you gig and am  
ble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wan  
tonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde,  
I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all  
but one shal liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. Exit,

Ophe. O what a noble mind is heere othrowne!  
The courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th expectation, and Rose of the faire state,  
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,  
Th obseru'd of all obseruers, quite, quite downe,  
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,  
That suckt the huny of his musickt vowes;  
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason  
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,  
That vnmacht forme and stature of blowne youth  
Blasted with extacy. O wo is me  
Thaue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.

Exit.

Enter

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